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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
JOHN G. DEANE,

AND
BRIEF MENTION OF HIS CONNECTION WITH THE
NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY OF MAINE,

Copied by permission from the records of the
Maine State Historical Society ;

ALSO, FAMILY AND OTHER MEMORANDA.

(PRINTED FOR PRIVATE USE.)



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
JOHN G. DEANE,

AND

Brief Mention of his connection with the
Northeastern Boundary of Maine,

Copied by permission from the records of the Maine State Historical Society ;

ALSO,

MEMORANDA ABOUT MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY, OLD
RESIDENTS OF THE CITY OF ELLSWORTH,
MAINE, &C.

PREPARED BY, AND PRINTED FOR, HIS SON,

LLEWELLYN DEANE,

JUNE, 1885,

FOR PRIVATE USE.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
JOHN G. DEANE,
OF
PORTLAND, MAINE.

John Gilmore Deane was born in Raynham, Massachusetts, March 27, 1785. His parents were *Joseph and Mary (Gilmore) Deane, both of whom were born and lived and died, in said Raynham.

He graduated at Brown University, in the class of 1806; read law in Taunton, Massachusetts, with *Hon. Seth Padelord, (Judge of Probate and LL. D. "Brown,") and settled in Ellsworth, Maine, September 23, 1809. He married, September 13, 1810, Rebecca, who was born in Taunton May 29, 1792, and was the youngest daughter of Judge Padelford, aforesaid, and Rebecca (Dennis) his wife.

AS A LAWYER AND A MAN.

Mr. Deane was admitted as attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, Hancock County, in 1810, and, according to the rule in those days, four years later, as counsellor in the Supreme Court. (For many years Hancock County was very large territorially. From 1810 to 1816 it included a portion of Penobscot County, and from 1810 to 1827 most of what is now Waldo County, as well as a part of the present Knox

* See appendix.

County. Castine was the shire town till February 17, 1836.) He acquired a very extensive law practice, and was held in high esteem by the Court and Bar. He enjoyed the warm personal friendship of Simon Greenleaf, John Orr, Jacob McGaw, William Abbott, Samuel Fessenden, William P. Preble, Thomas A. Deblois, Joshua W. Hathaway, Prentiss Mellen, George Herbert, Charles S. Davies, and most of the judges and leading lawyers of the State in those days. He was not only a good student of the law, but he had a very fine literary taste,—his style of composition was remarkably pure and graceful. He gathered a very good miscellaneous library of the best works in history, poetry, romance and essays; his law library was a very large one for those days, comprising the standard text books and the American and English Reports. He was a subscriber to *North American Review* from the first issue.

He certainly held some town offices—but as the town records were destroyed by fire some years ago, it is not possible now to say what offices or when he was the incumbent. It appears by records in the Massachusetts State House that in 1813 he was one of the Selectmen who signed a petition to reimburse the town of Ellsworth for the expenses of the militia ordered out to suppress the riot in Castine in July, 1813.

He was connected with the militia organizations during his earlier professional life, and was in brief service as an officer during the war of 1812. He subsequently rose to the position of Lieutenant-Colonel in the militia, and in his later years was commonly known as "Colonel" Deane.

He had a great fondness for all kinds of manly sports; loved to have about him good horses and fine dogs, and was enthusiastic in hunting and fishing. His ardent pursuit of these pastimes led him very often to make long excursions into the then wild regions north and northeast of the town of Ellsworth. He was famous in all the region round about as a marksman. It was commonly reported that at Thanksgiving shootings he was either ruled out or obliged to shoot double, or treble, the distance of the ordinary range.

PERSONALLY AND SOCIALLY.

While I have spoken of my father as a lawyer and a man, I deem it only proper to say a few words about him personally and socially, simply as my father—a purely private individual.

In stature he was about five feet ten inches tall, of fair size in frame, spare in flesh, rather dark in complexion, hair brown, eyes also brown. He never wore a beard. Though a good conversationalist he was not talkative, but rather inclined to taciturnity. In his family, however, and with his children he was more the “big brother” than the stern parent, and had a pleasant and affectionate way of entering into the studies, sports and engagements of our youth. I well remember when in the winter of 1838-9, he was busy with the draughtsman in the preparation of his map of Maine, and used the parlors of our State street house in Portland as his office, how intensely he was delighted at finding one day among his papers, my childish attempt at a war romance. The marvel and fun of it were on his tongue for many a day afterwards. Nor can I ever forget the romps we younger children used to have with him on the floor, sofas and about the room. When I was only ten years of age, once on his return from a brief absence, he gave me “Botta’s American Revolution,” saying that though written by an Italian, it was the only good history of that war. He was greatly concerned that his boys should be well versed in history. He took a youthful pride in the account my brothers Joseph and Henry gave of the debates before the “Pnyxian” and “Philomathean” debating societies, which about those times had quite a local reputation, particularly the former. Always on his return from a trip to the “Westward,” that is, Massachusetts, he was sure to remember all his boys with a present of a book.

LIFE IN ELLSWORTH.

My father was not a member of any church. In his earlier life in Ellsworth, after the organization of the Congregational

church in 1812, he, with my mother, worshiped there, and the whole family attended that church till our removal to Portland. The pastor from September 3, 1812, to November 11, 1835, Rev. Peter Nourse, (brother to the late Dr. Amos Nourse, of Bath, formerly U. S. Senator from Maine,) was a famous man in those days; renowned for his zeal in the gospel ministry and for the goodness of his heart. I know we little folks, in the latter days of his pastorate, used to think his sermons exceedingly long. I am sure that he sowed good seed in that soil, and watered them faithfully with prayers and tears. When I first read Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" it seemed to me that his parish priest

"Passing rich with forty pounds a year,"

was a veritable or counterpart Pastor Nourse. This godly man was indeed rarely useful in his day and generation in educational as well as gospel matters, but, if my childhood's memory serves me well, his life was not a gay period of enjoyment, or rich with present rewards for work well done. I hold his memory in warm esteem because of the respect and affection with which my parents regarded him. Our family were not allowed to talk lightly or with disrespect of our religious teacher. He was my mother's pastor and spiritual counsellor in the many scenes of affliction she was called to pass through in the sickness and death of those of her children who deceased before we moved from Ellsworth, and in the death of her mother, Mrs. Judge Padelford, who, having for some time made her home with my parents, died there about 1822. The funerals of all these were attended by Pastor Nourse. They were all buried in the Congregational churchyard—a modest stone tells their resting places and names.

Nor was my father alone interested in the upbuilding of this church—his catholic views in religious matters led him to make a donation when the Baptist church was being built on the west side of the river, not far from the present county buildings. I suppose his gift amounted at least to the price of a pew, for I know that not long before we moved from Ells-

worth I attended services in that church one afternoon with some older members of our family, and sat in what we called "father's" pew.

I am greatly surprised as I write to note how vividly the names of many of the active business men in Ellsworth, in those days, come to my mind. I am sure I could have had next to no personal acquaintance with any of them. There was Andrew Peters, who lived in the fine, large house on the Bangor road opposite the Congregational Church, and who did business in a brick store on the northwest corner of this road and the Bucksport road, close to the bridge. His son John A., now Chief Justice, (who, also, was not long since, and for several terms, a distinguished member of Congress,) was one the famous boys of those early days. Of a summer's day in passing Mr. Peters' residence on my way to school at the Town House, I used to linger and gaze with longing eyes at the wonderful bounty of apples on the trees in front of his house. I have never seen any such apples since. And Dea. Samuel Dutton, of blessed memory, who raised a large family of good business men. Likewise Dr. Peck, with his wonderful saddle bags filled with medicine of all sorts and marvelous to cure, who was to my youthful mind a sort of superhuman being in his wonderful possession of power to heal the sick and diseased. But how shall I call the roll in which appears the names of Jordan, Whitaker, McFarland, Jones, Herbert, Blood, Tisdale, Tinker, Parcher, Hall, Buckmore, Joy, Whiting, Jarvis, Langdon, Macomber, Hale, Lowell, Hathaway, Grant, Warren, Hopkins, Sawyer, Robinson, and many others? I would not fail to remember with most sincere affection, William Jellison,—one of a large family, all good and true, both men and women. He married my relative, Miss Julia Tisdale, whose acquaintance he made while she was visiting my mother, her kinswoman. They lived a short time after their marriage, in Ellsworth village, or at the "Bridge," as we called it in those days. Then they moved to "No. 8," on the Bangor road, about half way between Bangor and Ellsworth, and settled on a farm in what is now called North Ellsworth. Mr. Jellison

raised a very large family. His son Charles, a promising young merchant in Portland, was suddenly cut off in his early manhood. Also Edward, a young man of great talent, who died while in Union College. George, a prosperous business man in New York. Zachariah, who was some years a merchant in Boston, later in Nebraska, and held till recently an important office in the New York Custom House. He now resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. John, who after a good war record, died with his armor on; and other sons and two daughters. I often visited their farm home, once with my father and mother in the early summer of 1839, and alone at later dates. Mr. Jellison was possessed of intellectual power of more than ordinary grasp, and I never met a man of nobler heart or more genuine wit, the kind that runs over with humor and delicious fun.

There comes up before me as I write, a curiously intangible vision of an old gentleman carrying a cane and dressed in short clothes, wearing a cue and a bountiful white shirt bosom. I cannot certainly fix any name to him, and though the vision is dim, I am sure that it has a foundation in some personage of those early days. Yet I have a shadowy recollection of such a name as Major Phillips. Also, it occurs to me that there was a wonderful fiddler, one Black George, who was always on hand when a dance took place. And, finally, Capt. Jesse Dutton, the renowned authority in all martial matters, and the hero of all the musters that I heard talked of in those times, with their sham fights and what not.

While I recount these personal reminiscences I am induced to repeat what my mother often told me, namely, that when she first visited Ellsworth, which was, I think, in 1812, she came from Bucksport, on horseback by a path marked by "blazed" trees. During her first summer in the village my parents boarded, and the one constant dish on the table was salmon. She always used to say in her latter years that she ate in those days enough salmon to last her lifetime. My parents' house, which during most of their residence in Ellsworth was on the east side of what is now Water street, not

far from the present Main street, was made the home of very many of the young relatives on both sides. My parents were the practical godfather and godmother of a large number of *nieces and nephews, as well as more distant relatives, and helped them all along in life with almost parental affection, care and solicitude.

COL. JOHN BLACK.

Some time prior to my father's settlement in Ellsworth, John Black,* a young Englishman, settled there as the deputy agent of the Bingham heirs, who owned very extensive tracts of land in Hancock and Washington counties, called in common phrase "The Bingham Purchase." The acquaintance between these two young men ripened into a strong and enduring friendship, which lasted uninterrupted till my father's death. "Colonel" Black was the name by which he was familiarly known, from the fact that, after he became an American citizen, he entered ardently into the militia service, and in due course became Lieut. Colonel of the 2d Regiment, 2d Brigade, 10th Division. He built, on the Bluehill road, about half a mile from the "Bridge," a very large brick house, set at some distance back from the road, which he occupied till his death, and which is yet standing. I recall with pleasure many visits in early youth, and later, at this delightful home.

He was not only one of the best business men ever known in Maine, but he was finely educated and accomplished in the elegant attainments peculiar to the higher classes in the land of his birth. He was a good draughtsman, and an amateur painter of no mean skill. Though not large in stature he was very noticable in appearance, and in his personal address he was graceful and polite and possessed of most courtly manners. In all respects he was a noble man and a most excellent gentleman. His management of the great trusts of the Bingham estate was characterized by the strictest diligence and fidelity, as well as the most scrupulous honesty. He was

* See appendix.

quiet in his mode of life, simple in his tastes, and by tact and careful management he accumulated a very large property. He married a daughter of Gen. David Cobb, of Gouldsboro, Maine, (who came from Taunton, Mass., to act as the agent of the "Bingham Purchase,") and reared a numerous family, and many of his descendants are now residents of Ellsworth. On the death of Gen. Cobb in 1830, he became, as his successor, full agent of the "Bingham Purchase." He died in Ellsworth October 25, 1856, at a ripe age, and profoundly regretted not only by the citizens of that town, but by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances among the best people in Maine and Massachusetts. His remains were interred in the family tomb on his estate.

Colonel Black was enabled to throw a good share of legal business into Mr. Deane's hands, and in attending to it Mr. Deane was called upon to make long expeditions here and there through the wild, or very sparsely settled, portions in Hancock and adjoining counties.

By means of his hunting tours and these extended excursions Mr. Deane acquired a very thorough experience with life in the woods, and became most peculiarly well fitted for the performance of the public duties which devolved upon him later, in connection with the Northeastern Boundary of Maine.

MR. DEANE'S PUBLIC LIFE.

He was active as a Federalist in politics, and was a representative from Ellsworth to the General Court of Massachusetts, in 1816, '17, '18, and '19, and representative from Ellsworth to the Legislature of Maine in 1825, '26, '27, '28, and '31.

What he did, as well as the value of his services as a Legislator in the estimate of his associates, may be generally understood from the following memoranda of the reports he wrote while a member of the Legislature of Maine, and the resolves passed by that body, viz:

1827. Report on the Northeastern Boundary question.

1828. Report upon the Northeastern Boundary question. 8vo., pp. 55.

1830. Resolve of the Legislature allowing him \$170 for negotiating release of land claims with Penobscot Indians.

1831. Report of committee on State lands, of which he was chairman. 8vo., pp. 12.

1831. Report as chairman of the Committee on the Northeastern Boundary. pp. 4.

1831. Report as chairman of the Committee on the Northeastern Boundary. p. 13.

1831. Resolve granting him half a township of land.

1831. Letter to Governor Samuel E. Smith about the Northeastern Boundary.

1839. Resolve paying him \$465.03 for locating the Northeastern Boundary line under resolve of March 23, 1838.

Most probably, however, this memoranda represents but a very small part of the actual work he did while in the Maine Legislature. This record indicates how busy he was and the kind of work that engaged his attention.

It should be stated in this connection that the search for my father's legislative history has been somewhat difficult because the State documents were not printed till 1833, and some of the archives were lost in the removal of the public records, &c., from Portland to Augusta, when the latter city was made the capital.

By degrees, and from his varied experience in the woods and wild portions of the State, as well as from his education in public affairs, he had become intensely interested in the questions relating to the Northeastern Boundary. Among my earliest recollections relating to him and our Ellsworth home, are the constant talks between him and his visitors about the "disputed territory," "Madawaska," and our public rights to the fine lands in the northern part of our State, just above the St. John river. From the glowing description of the wonderful wheat soil up there, and the agricultural possibilities of that region, in my childish imagination I used to think it was a very "Beulah" land. In his frequent journeys in search of evi-

dence, or otherwise, to the northern part of the State, officially or privately, he accumulated an immense amount of affidavit, or other testimony, on points relating to this boundary question. He published articles in many of the newspapers of the State embodying his information or views upon this important theme. These contributions, over the signatures of "Cato," "Ishmael," and "Peter Parley," attracted great attention and had a deep influence in educating and directing the public mind. I have an autograph letter from Gov. Enoch Lincoln to my father, referring to these writings and thanking him for what he had done in this way.* I have recently found a portion of the original drafts of these papers. They are now being very carefully edited by a valued friend,† rarely capable in such matters, and will in due time be deposited in the archives of the Maine Historical Society. His unpublished manuscripts on the subject were very voluminous—at his death there were enough to fill a large trunk—all written in his very plain and rapid hand. I suppose the family thought that the settlement of the national disputes had taken all value from these papers, since by degrees, and chiefly by neglect, they were lost. In one of his later journeys to the disputed territory he cut from a tree, which he said was on the *exact* northeast corner of Maine, (according to his loyal idea,) a stick which he had fashioned into a cane, in the ivory head of which he had engraved the record whence he obtained it. This cane he carried constantly, thereafter, till the day of his fatal illness.

Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., who was Governor of Maine from 1861 to 1863, in his very able article on "The Northeastern Boundary," read before the Maine Historical Society, at Portland, May 15, 1879, makes frequent and most honorable mention of the public value of Mr. Deane's services in connection with that great and important matter.*

In this same connection I recall with a son's pride the very warm and generous remarks made to me in 1846, while I was in college, by ex-Governor Robert P. Dunlap, who was then

* See appendix.

† Hon. Joseph Williamson, of Belfast, Maine.

living in Brunswick. Though he and my father were of opposite politics, he entertained the most profound respect for the ability and energy with which my father had done his work for the State in this behalf. Governor Dunlap asked me once when I was visiting at his house, if I had ever read my father's reports on the subject, and on my answering "no," he took them from his library shelves and handed them to me, remarking that I ought to know all about these matters, thoroughly and well, for if ever a son had cause for being proud of his father's public services I had.

I also call to mind what Hon. Nathan Clifford, afterwards Justice of the United States Supreme Court, remarked to me on this subject in 1851, soon after he moved to Portland. He said that though not of the same political faith as my father, he had, as a young member of the Legislature in 1831, cast no vote which he remembered with more pleasure than that in favor of granting a township of land to my father as a public recognition of the value of his services in this great public matter.

HIS LAND BUSINESS—REMOVAL TO PORTLAND. •

Late in life Mr. Deane accumulated quite a large property, chiefly in timber lands. Nor was he so selfish in his knowledge of good timber lands as not to advise his friends frankly as to his opinion in these matters. His assistance in this behalf was once so valuable to Hon. Elijah L. Hamlin, of Bangor, and Mr. Ruggles, of Machias, that they jointly presented him a very handsome and complete service of silver plate. I well remember the marvel of its display, when in 1835, the package was opened in our Ellsworth home, fresh from the store of Jones, Low & Ball, of Boston. This service was more than a nine days' wonder in the little village.

In the fall of 1835 he moved to Portland, and bought the property on the south side of State street, between Gray and Spring streets, which Mason Greenwood had finely improved. This property continued to be the homestead of his family, or descendants, till the spring of 1884.

HIS DECEASE.

My father was at Cherryfield in the fall of 1839, attending to business in connection with his large landed interests, and becoming ill early in November, was treated with such success that he was supposed to be recovering. By some accident the nurse gave him by mistake tartar emetic instead of cream tartar. When the mistake was discovered, all possible remedies were tried but to no purpose. He was sick at the residence of J. Tilden Moulton, who married my cousin, Ann P. Cook, (she had been raised in our family,) and died there November 10, 1839.

THE VALUE OF HIS PUBLIC SERVICES IN CONNECTION WITH THE
NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY.

When we read, in these latter days, the history of the boundaries of Maine, there is much to marvel at and much to excite our ire. In the conscious strength of our national power of to-day, we are apt to forget that once the Nation was weak, and, in comparison with Great Britain, quite insignificant—having no rights that the said haughty nation was bound to have any sort of respect for.

The boundaries of Maine contiguous to the British Provinces seem to be so clearly stated in article second of the Treaty of Peace concluded at Paris, between Great Britain and the United States, in 1783, that it now appears very strange that any dispute ever arose about them. The northerly line is thus described:

“From the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, to wit: that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the highlands, along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the Northwesternmost head of Connecticut River.”

The Eastern line is described thus: “East, by a line drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix from its mouth in the

Bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source directly north to the aforesaid highlands which divide the waters that fall into the Atlantic Ocean from those which fall into the river St. Lawrence, comprehending all islands within twenty leagues of any part of the United States, and lying between the lines to be drawn due East from the points where the aforesaid boundaries between Nova Scotia, on the one part, and East Florida on the other, shall respectively touch the Bay of Fundy and the Atlantic Ocean, excepting such islands as now are, or heretofore have been, within the limit of the said Province of Nova Scotia."

In regard to the Eastern line it seems to have been proven beyond any reasonable doubt that there were *three* rivers which had been in turns, or interchangeably, called the "St. Croix," viz: the Magaquadavic, easterly; the Schoodic, (present St. Croix,) middle; and the Cobscook, westerly; and that the true St. Croix of the treaty of 1783, was the Magaquadavic. But the superior finesse of the British on the "St. Croix commission," in 1798, succeeded in causing the Schoodic to be permanently called the St. Croix,—and thus our State at that time, by the decision of this commission, lost on the East a tract of land nearly two hundred miles long by about thirty broad.

It was the evident determination of the English in some way to get land enough from the Eastern and Northern sides of Maine to afford ample room for all desired or necessary communication between the Canadas and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. After they had sliced off so large a piece from the Eastern part of the State, then their whole force was redoubled to gain all that part of our State above a line drawn West from Mars Hill! If this had been accomplished the size of the State would have been very seriously reduced. The outrage of these claims will almost be obvious by a glance at any map in view of the above extracts from the treaty.

I have endeavored to picture these facts of our great losses of territory, North as well as East, in the accompanying map, where are shown the treaty lines of 1783, in which the red line indicates the original Eastern, North and Northwesterly

boundaries; the yellow line across the State and down the Eastern side represents the one claimed by the British, some considerable time after the Treaty of 1783, as the Northern line of the State, not always confidently, but with increasingly loud protestations after the dispute over the boundary question had waxed warm; the present Eastern and Northern boundary lines are indicated in full black lines and by the St. John River. It will be seen at a glance how great and valuable is the territory which we lost in 1798 and 1842.

This present Northern boundary was the result of the Ashburton Treaty of 1842. The rule devised by the exalted statesmanship of that treaty seems to have been to split the differences between the claims of the two parties. But it is not necessary here to go into any details, since, in the afore-said monograph, by Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., all these matters are set out with careful detail. It answers all my present purposes to show what my father was contending for, viz: the territory between the St. John River and the highlands of the treaty of 1783, and the great public value of the interests concerned. These mark his devotion to this cause as the characteristic of a large minded and most public spirited man. The people of the State of Maine do, I am sure, now fully approve what is sometimes called Gov. John Fairfield's declaration of war in 1838, when he ordered out the State militia to defend our territory, as we then claimed it. It is not necessary now to enlarge on all this. It is an historical fact which the people of Maine take pride in.

But I should have dwelt more at length upon the character and value of my father's public services in connection with this Northeastern Boundary question, if the matter had not many years ago been treated of very kindly, justly, fully, and ably, as will appear from the following excellent and feeling tribute to his memory which was written in 1839, by Hon. Charles S. Davies, LL. D., of Portland, then one of the first lawyers at the Cumberland bar, and in the full prime of a splendid reputation both in his public and private capacities. Mr. Davies had been repeatedly called upon to act a very dis-

tinguished public part in connection with this very Northeastern Boundary question, and was thoroughly acquainted with all the men who had had any connection great or small in this very important matter. He knew well to whom praise belonged. He had been long intimately associated with Mr. Deane in matters pertaining to the Northeastern Boundary question; had known him as a legislator, a lawyer, a man of business and affairs. He wrote generously, and with a full acquaintance of everything pertaining to the subject.

The article appeared in the *Portland Advertiser* Tuesday evening, November 19, 1839, and is as follows:

“OBITUARY NOTICE OF JOHN G. DEANE.

“On Saturday afternoon were committed to the grave the remains of John G. Deane. They had been removed from Narraguagus, (Cherryfield,) where he expired on Sunday, the 10th inst., and were conveyed from his late residence in State street to the South Burying Ground* in this city, attended by his family and friends. The deep domestic sorrow was accompanied by a most sincere attestation of sympathy and respect.

“The decease of Mr. Deane, indeed, thus suddenly occurring in the prime of life, upon an occasional absence from home, is not only a severe private loss, but it is also a great public one. To estimate it properly, it is necessary to refer to the memorial of the past, which he has raised for himself by his talents and services, inscribed as well upon the tablet of his social and professional relations, as upon the large, laborious and faithful record of the duties which he has performed to the public.

“If there was any among us who had a right to stand up and say, ‘I have done the State some service, and they know it,’ this was a persuasion of which Mr. Deane may have been justly and honestly conscious; and so marked and prominent an object of consideration and esteem has he been, now for a

*On Bramhall's Hill.

long space of time, in the view of the people of Maine, that it needs only to pronounce his name, at this moment of unexpected and melancholy bereavement to those who cherish his memory, to present at once a living and expressive image of his person, character and virtues. Who in this land did not know John G. Deane, and who, knowing him, would be likely soon to forget him, or be willing to suffer his honest fame to pass into silent oblivion? A few faint traces from recollection and from the slight materials at hand, are all that is proposed in this scanty and hasty notice to furnish.

“John G. Deane was a native of the Bay State of Massachusetts, and was a descendant, it is stated, of John Dean, who early came to that old colony from England, and settled at Taunton, the stock, it is supposed, of those that bear that numerous name in New England and who have reflected no dishonor on the fair inheritance of their Pilgrim ancestors. He was himself born in Raynham, and was a graduate of Brown University, in Rhode Island, about the year 1806, and studied law, it is understood, with the late Judge Seth Padelford, one of whose daughters he afterwards married. He commenced the practice of law at Ellsworth, in this State, which he pursued with credit and success, and where he established not only the solid reputation of a learned, sound, and discriminating lawyer, but enjoyed, also, in an eminent degree, the general confidence of his clients and fellow citizens. This latter portion of public favor he shared with his friend George Herbert, a most amiable and worthy brother of the profession, whose fine taste, elegant accomplishments and exquisite sensibility, will long be preserved in remembrance by those who had the pleasure and privilege of his personal acquaintance. Ellsworth being entitled to but one representative in the Legislature of Massachusetts, Mr. Deane was chosen alternately with Mr. Herbert for several years, and was a member of that body, it is believed, as early as 1813. He was marked as a man of talent, spirit and application.

“Mr. Deane’s location in the Eastern part of the State, and the course of his professional business led him to an increas-

ing acquaintance with the proprietary lands in this State, large tracts of which were lying in grants from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the principal of which were the Bingham Purchases. It was this that probably first turned his attention toward that subject, which afterwards engaged so large a portion of it, in one very important direction. After the separation of Maine, Mr. Deane became again a member of the Legislature while it sat in Portland, where he began to be widely known and his value equally understood. He did not make that his place of residence, however, till 1835.

"It was here, during the sessions of 1827 and 1828, at the period when such a vigorous impulse was given to the vital interests of this State by the measures adopted by Governor Lincoln in relation to our territorial rights, that Mr. Deane distinguished himself by the active and leading part he took, and the persevering study and unwearied diligence he bestowed in regard to the perplexed and protracted question of our Northeastern Boundary.

"It was the intrinsic justice as well as the strict and perfect legal character of this right on our behalf that first recommended itself to the native integrity, while it presented itself also in the clearest light to the discriminating sagacity of his mind, and inspired that honest zeal which gave such a concentrated energy to all his powers and faculties in this single cause. It was this that urged him to spare no pains, to relax no effort, to lose no opportunity, of promoting that great end in which he then and thenceforward entirely and almost exclusively devoted himself. He shunned no labor, and thought no day long in which he could do anything to advance it. Of this all-absorbing and to him engrossing subject, it may be truly said, that he summered and wintered it. He ate, drank, and slept it. It was his thought by day and his dream by night, and the first idea to which he awakened again in the morning. On this point he was instant in season and out of season. He was ever ready and alert on every occasion which presented, and prompt for every service which the interest of the State demanded. At every turn and crisis of the question,

when it was first put in the shape of a Convention and about to be submitted to an Arbiter, or swamped by his preposterous award—when our citizens were, one after another, seized and consigned to foreign prisons, and the ensigns of an alien and intrusive jurisdiction were planted on our independent soil—and the sovereign power of self-protection, which this political community was bound to exercise for those who put their trust in it, insultingly set at defiance—then it was that his spirit rose with every emergency; it quailed at no peril or trial to the virtue of the question, and sunk only with any declension of its interest, of which there were spells and symptoms in the public mind. It was only, at those intervals of repose to this exciting question during which it has been so strangely and inexplicably adjourned, that the ordinary interests and occupations of life resumed with him any actual measure of their importance and influence. Never, it may be nearly said, did they regain their real ascendancy. Still the invincible energy of his spirit on that predominating subject was not to be subdued or broken down. No danger appalled, nor difficulty disheartened him. With an industry that nothing could either tire or escape; with a memory faithful to every circumstance that it ever seized, with an instinct sure as the magnet, and a soul as true as steel to the cause in which he was embarked, this was the master subject of his mind.

It was his ruling passion. When he once got upon this theme “his foot was on his native heath and his name was McGregor!” It is no injustice to say that he probably mastered more of its details, historical, statistical and geographical, connected together, than any other individual, and that he had written, spoken, and printed, it might almost be said not only more than any other person—but more than all others put together. No one engaged in the various calls of this question had looked into it more thoroughly, or was more intimately and profoundly acquainted with all its bearings. If there is any over allowance of the measure of merit and praise that may possibly be accorded to him on this head, it can be hardly more than is due his unbounded and indefatigable de-

votions to this supreme object which ended only with his breath.

Mr. Deane's first reports on this subject, which brought the matter most distinctly into public view were made, as already adverted to, in 1827 and 1828. In 1830 he made a tour of observation over the ground of controversy by order of the Government, in immediate connection with Judge Preble. In 1831 and 1832 he again became conspicuous for the part he took in incorporating the precinct of Madawaska, and resisting the no doubt well intended but idle and absurd* arbitrament of the King of the Netherlands. It was on this account and at this period that the legislature made Mr. Deane a grant of a half township of land on the upper waters of the St. John, as a testimonial (it is believed unanimous,) of the grateful sense entertained of his services. This grant has probably, however, been unproductive, to say the least, owing to the distance of the spot, and the unsettled state of the question. Perhaps it was the design that Mr. Deane, who had been its champion, should be set there as a pioneer. At all events, the grant and the post should be made good. In 1838, when the Resolves of the Legislature for an ascertainment and survey of the northeastern boundary of the State were required to be carried into execution by Governor Edward Kent, Mr. Deane was the person at once designated by him, as most peculiarly fitted for the performance of that important duty. How zealously and faithfully he entered upon the service assigned to him, striking out and pursuing his own route, under the general directions he had received, leaving nothing unexplored which lay within his reach, and not quitting the ground until it was covered with snow too deep to proceed in the search, and the face of the earth was obscured from further investigation, his recent report on the subject fully demonstrates. In this expedition he was seconded by two worthy and useful associates whose assistance was valuable and who justly share in the credit of the undertaking. The new map of the territory which he prepared from this survey and the

* This line was, however, the one adopted a few years later.

former materials at his command, was a work upon which he bestowed great pains and expense; and it may be feared that the author of it died with a feeling, that his task in this report had not been duly appreciated and the service properly considered. It is still to be hoped that this important labor will not fail to be suitably estimated.

No man, it may be said, was ever more inflexibly tenacious of his own just purposes, and at the same time more truly regardful of the invariable principles of right, and of whatever was due to the proper claims of others, whether few or many. He was simple in his tastes, undisguised in his intentions, plain and transparent in all his aims, unostentatious, and even negligent in regard to some of the forms and observances of society. Like Governor Enoch Lincoln, he loved to feel himself in the sublime, ennobling presence of nature, and to pierce the vast, profound, unpeopled solitudes of the forest. He liked also to meet the remnant of the ancient race of proprietors in their native woods, or on the streams which they navigated in their bark canoes—and to associate and hold converse with the hardy cultivators of the soil—although these genuine sympathies did not estrange him from the more busy social haunts of men.

The cast of his countenance was remarkably intellectual and indicative of acuteness, foresight and sagacity. It had also something of a more grave, reflective and resolved character. The upper part of his face, particularly the intersection of the principal features bore a striking resemblance to the bust of Alexander Hamilton, while the perpetual activity of its fibres in their animated expression, might remind one who had seen the original of the incessant motion of Lord Brougham's. He had also something in him of antiquity, something of the Codrus and the Curtius—some strain of that Roman spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism which tells in the stories of Horatius Cocles and Mucius Scævola—some vein too of the Russells and Sidneys of the seventeenth century—spirits prepared for all the emergencies of moral, political and physical martyrdom—for the ordeals of a virtue that had not ceased to be

more than an empty sound—and aspiring to an elevation superior to the sordid subterfuges of shuffling selfishness and compromising expediency. This was an aspiration worthy of the object of this obituary; and there was that within him which did not derogate from this lofty calling. That he did not live to see the end of all his travail is most certain.

But he lived long enough to see the cause for which he had labored adopted by the unanimous voice of the Congress of the United States, and its justice and purity acknowledged by the world. And it is no less certain that if he does not deserve a marble monument from the people of Maine, he deserves a monument as durable as marble in their undying remembrance, affection and respect.

In the multitude of emotions that throng and mingle in the mind which this sudden stroke of providence is calculated to call forth—amid these last dying traces of autumnal change, when the splendid month of November is speaking the great moral lesson of the year—if there was nothing else in this world—if there was not something infinitely superior to all the visible manifestations of the material universe and above all that this glorious organic structure is capable to afford—we might well mourn over these melancholy vestiges of mortality and decay. If it were not otherwise, were it not for higher hopes and the interior supports of a sublimer faith, by which the spirit is sustained in its far upward flight, through its sinking moments of occasional despondency, it would be sad indeed to linger upon the last lineaments of the departed object of our affection and esteem, the features so lately beaming with animation and intelligence, the head so lately full of important knowledge, and fervid with the glowing operations of genius and intellect; the heart just beating with the most ardent pulsations of parental love and patriotic zeal, now silent and insensible, about to be reduced to the cold clods of the valley. Yet there is still something in the circumstances of this mournful public and domestic deprivation to produce a deep, a lasting and wholesome impression.

“The memory
Of our dying friends comes o’er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardor, and abate
That glare of life that often blinds the wise.”

HIS FAMILY.

*Mrs. Deane survived her husband and resided at the homestead on State street, Portland, (with the exception of about a year, 1869–70, spent with her sons Llewellyn and William, in Washington, D. C.,) till the day of her death, May 12, 1872. Her remains were interred by the side of her husband, in the Cemetery on Bramhall’s Hill in Portland. They were the parents of eleven children—two died in infancy, two daughters when comparatively young; John was lost at sea in 1836 while on a voyage, as supercargo of his brig, to South America. Six sons survived him, all of whom grew up to men’s estate.

Joseph became a lawyer, lived awhile in Cherryfield, looking after the landed interests of his father’s estate; then practiced law in Taunton, and later in Quincy, Ill., where he died in July, 1869.

Melvin was a civil engineer. In his youth he accompanied his father, in 1838, on his last excursion to the Northeastern part of the State. He was engaged in the construction of several railroads, the At. & St. L., the And. & Ken. and others. He was City Engineer of Portland in 1853–4, and died there in March, 1854.

Henry graduated at “Bowdoin,” in 1844, and became a lawyer, represented Portland in the Legislature of 1850–2, was county attorney for Cumberland County, 1852–2, and later was solicitor for the city of Portland, and afterwards surveyor, 1868–70, in the Custom House. He died in Boston, March, 1873, on his way home from Florida.†

Frederick graduated at “Bowdoin,” in 1846, and became a lawyer, but never entered on the practice, as the gold excitement of those days bore him away to California, where he lived, with the interval of a short visit home, till 1861, when

* See appendix.

† See in appendix. Resolutions, &c., by Cumberland Bar.

he entered the volunteer service and was an officer of the first California Volunteers. At a later period he was in the 30th Maine Regiment; after some service he was duly commissioned an officer, but the war closed before he was mustered in. He died at sea in March, 1867, while returning to California.

Llewellyn graduated at "Bowdoin," in 1849, became a lawyer and practiced, in partnership with Henry, in Portland from 1852 to 1861. In 1858 he represented Portland to the Legislature. In 1861 he moved to Washington, where he subsequently held an important position in the Patent Office. In 1873 he resigned his official position and has since practiced law in that city.

William Wallace became a lawyer and settled in Saccarappa. In 1861 he joined the 12th Maine Infantry and afterwards became Adjutant of the Regiment. In 1863 he was appointed Assistant Adjutant General of Volunteers, with rank of Captain, and at the close of the war was breveted Lieutenant Colonel in that branch of the service. In 1867 he was appointed Lieutenant in the regular army. He died in July, 1870, in Washington, D. C.

Melvin's son John, while a mere lad, enlisted in the 6th Maine Battery, and later became Lieutenant thereof. He was in active service from the date of his enlistment, in 1862, to the close of the war, and was never hurt in battle, though in every fight where his Battery was engaged, and was never in hospital during his entire service. He engaged in the paper manufacturing business after the war, and died in the fall of 1873. No doubt the toil, duties and excitement of his war life hastened his end.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October* 13, 1884.

The foregoing was prepared for the Maine State Historical Society, and was read at the meeting of said Society January 8, 1885, by Gen. John Marshall Brown.

It is now copied from the records of said Society, and, with their permission, a few changes and additions have been made.

APPENDIX.

This touching and beautiful tribute to the memory of my mother was written just after her death by Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., now of Orange Valley, N. J., but who, during her residence in Washington, D. C., was pastor of the First Congregational Church in that city, and greatly beloved by her, not only as her minister, but because of his unfailing and most affectionate attentions to her. It was printed in the *Congregationalist* May 30, 1872.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD LADY.

There are two classes toward whom my heart is irresistibly drawn: little children and old people. Their common frailty, their simplicity, their appreciation of little attentions, the relations of confidence which they are so ready to form, their fidelity of affection, all combine to make one love them with a kind of abandon in other cases impossible. And so when I found among my people here, an old lady with gray curls and blooming cheeks, the bloom of maturity, of a green old age, cared for so tenderly by a son who was with her like a shadow; when she remained after each service to give me her benediction, and to show how she rolled the truth as a sweet morsel in her mouth, of course I could not help loving her, and being thankful that God was giving me the privilege of ministering to her in her last days. For she seemed like one who would

“Ne'er be fu' content, till her een did see,
The golden gates 'o heaven, and her ain countree.”

She was with us one year, delighting us all, loved by us all, and then she returned to Portland, Me., where, for so many years she had been so useful and so honored, in connection with the High Street Church. There, as a widow, having also buried five children, she had brought up the remaining six;

she had been the foster-mother to nephews and nieces ; she had been at the head of benevolent societies, her home the hospitable center for ministers and missionaries ; her heart and her purse always open ; her hand ready for every good work. And there, in Portland, in the household of her eldest surviving son, she fell asleep in Jesus, May 12th, 1872.

This beautiful old lady was Mrs. Rebecca D. Deane, the youngest daughter of Hon. Seth Padelford, LL. D., of Taunton, Mass., and was born there, May 27, 1792. She married John G. Deane, Esq., of Ellsworth, Me., in 1810, and lived in that place until 1835, when she removed to Portland. Two years later she joined the High Street Church. Her husband was a Unitarian, but she threw her decided influence in favor of the doctrines of evangelical religion, of which, some of her children, also, have proved themselves self-denying and enthusiastic advocates. She felt very much the failing of her natural powers, and the change in her social position which was the result of her advancing years. Slowly faded from her memory recollections of the past, even of husband and children, but her last thoughts and expressions were of Jesus and Heaven, and, at length, released from the burdens and frailties of the flesh, she went to see

“The King in his beauty in her ain countree.”

MEMORANDA FROM FAMILY BIBLES AND OTHER SOURCES.

THE DEANE SIDE.

Family of JOSEPH DEANE, of Raynham, Massachusetts, fifth in descent from John Deane, who came from England, and, with his brother Walter, was one of the pioneer settlers of Taunton, Massachusetts.

JOSEPH DEANE was born in Raynham, November 20, 1753, and died February 16, 1837.

He married January 10, 1783, Mary, daughter of Capt. John Gilmore, born May 18, 1760, and died May 10, 1837, a few months after her husband's death.

Their children, all born in Raynham, Mass., were—

JOHN GILMORE, born March 27, 1785; died in Cherryfield, Maine, November 10, 1839.

MARY, born September 25, 1790; died August 10, 1820; married Abiezer Dean, of Taunton, Mass., leaving two children, Joseph Albert and Elizabeth Hall.

JOSEPH AUGUSTUS, born June 25, 1802; died in Ellsworth, Maine, May 4, 1873; married ELIZA, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Fales, of Taunton, August 17, 1830; they had three children. Mary Agnes, died October 6, 1862; Sabra W., (now Mrs. Amory Otis,) and John G., died June 17, 1841.

THE PADELFORD SIDE.

Children of SETH PADELFORD and REBECCA, his wife, all born in Taunton, Mass.

SETH PADELFORD, of Taunton, Mass., born December 7, 1751; died January 3, 1810; married June 1, 1777, to REBECCA DENNIS, who was born December 8, 1756, and died March 16, 1822.

Their children were—

POLLY DENNIS, born April 13, 1778; married MASON SHAW, of Bangor, Maine; died May 19, 1805.

EZEKIEL D., born September 23, 1779; died October 27, 1779.

SALLY KIRBY, born October 27, 1780; married NATHANIEL FALES, of Taunton, Mass.; died at Quincy, Ills., November 26, 1858.

MELINDA, born February 14, 1782; married ENOCH BROWN, of Hampden, Mass.; died January 23, 1836.

JOHN, born May 1, 1783; died June 29, 1801.

CHARLES, born January 12, 1785; died February 21, 1785.

NANCY, born March 14, 1786; married SAMUEL E. COOKE, of Tiverton, R. I.; died October 21, 1817.

HARRY, born September 29, 1787; married SUSAN CROSMAN, of Taunton, Mass.; died in New York about 1850.

REBECCA, born 1789; died 1791.

REBECCA DENNIS who married JOHN G. DEANE, and is fully spoken of elsewhere in this sketch.

CAROLINE, born 1794; died 1796.

FRANCIS, born 1796; died 1798.

OUR OWN FAMILY.

Children of JOHN G. DEANE and REBECCA, his wife, all born in Ellsworth, Maine :

SETH PADELFORD, born August 3, 1814; died August 21 1814.

JOHN, born November 14, 1815; lost at sea November, 1836.

JOSEPH P., born September 29, 1817; died at Quincy Ills., August 19, 1869; married ELEANOR S. REED, of Taunton, Mass., January 27, 1842.

MARY, born October 8, 1818; died at Portland, May 14, 1839.

REBECCA PADELFORD, born March 31, 1820; died at Ellsworth, August 7, 1833.

MELVIN GILMORE, born November 16, 1821; died at Portland, March 21, 1854; married SARAH E. SHEPHERD, of Bristol, R. I., August 9, 1843, who died May 18, 1847; and HARRIET A. THURSTON, of Winthrop, Maine, October 12, 1848.

HENRY PADELFORD, born October 9, 1823; died at the Revere House, Boston, en route from Florida to Portland, March 25, 1873; married ANNIE E. MORSE, of Brunswick, Maine, March 23, 1848.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, born September 17, 1825; died at sea, on ship "Majestic," en route to California, March 16, 1867.

LLEWELLYN, born September 17, 1827, died March, 1828.

LLEWELLYN, born April 23, 1829; married Mrs. L. E. RICKS, of Washington, D. C., August 29, 1871.

WILLIAM WALLACE, born August 2, 1832; died at Washington, D. C., July 21, 1870; married ABBIE EDWARDS, of Saccarappa, Maine, May 14, 1868.

MY GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER DEANE.

I am greatly indebted to my venerable friend, J. W. D. Hall, of Taunton, Mass., for the following sketch of my paternal grandfather :

Lieut. Joseph Deane acquired his title by honorable service in the Revolutionary war. He left his farm work and responded to the "alarm call" preceding the battle of Bunker's Hill, a young man of twenty-three, as member of the company which marched all night from Taunton to Boston, but arrived too late to join in that engagement. Lieut. Deane was also a member of one of the two Raynham companies, the only ones that promptly responded in 1786 to the call caused by the rumor that Shay's Volunteers were coming to Taunton to frighten *Gen. (then Judge) Cobb, and seize the court papers. He was familiarly known in the Raynham days of my boyhood as "Uncle Joseph." He was a cousin of my grandfather, Nathaniel Deane, and resided only a fourth of a mile distant from him. Hundreds of times have I been over the grounds of that old mansion of Uncle Jo's. There stood the large, old-fashioned gambrel roofed house, having two front doors, one "for company," and facing the south. The garden on the west, or sunny side, was one of the handsomest, laid out on a side hill, in terraces, and descending twenty feet from the upper level to the lower tier, where an immense grape vine spread its branches almost entirely over two large apple trees. A few rods below was a meadow with a running brook; this afforded a convenient watering place on the road near by, and which separated the town of Raynham from Taunton. It was one of the most attractive garden spots in North Raynham; choice roses and an abundance of flowers were cultivated there by Mrs. Deane. A spacious grass plat, with walks, lay in front

*The same Gen. David Cobb who afterwards settled at Gouldsborough, Maine.—See page 61.

of the house, and on the east was a large wood house, and near the old cider mill, where neighbors resorted with their cart loads of apples to convert into cider, at free cost, and beyond this the mill, the corn crib, and two large barns for the stock. The old orchard in rear of the cider mill bore the best of apples, and we boys were always welcomed by "Uncle Joseph" to help ourselves. In fact, he was pleased to have us eat the fine fruit that covered the ground beneath those large trees.

But as I pass that way in recent years, I can hardly repress tears of sadness, as I witness the utter desolation that marks the spot so pleasing to my eyes seventy years ago. Scarcely a landmark remains. The house and a portion of the buildings were destroyed by fire forty years ago; the remaining out-buildings were soon after removed, and that elegant terraced garden has given place to a waste of weeds and grass, the splendid rose bushes having "run wild to decay."

Had your father remained at that nice old home, we should not have read any of his enterprising feats in the "District of Maine," which he helped to make a State in 1820, and his able reports on "the Northeastern Boundary." Still, he might have emigrated to Taunton, and achieved fame by a seat on the bench, which his judicial ability would have enabled him to fill with honor.

Aside from the fact that "Uncle Joseph" served his country faithfully in the Revolutionary struggle "for liberty and union," and was a careful, painstaking farmer, and was loved and respected by all his neighbors and townsmen, I know but little to write. A farmer's life is rather monotonous and commonplace. His wife, "Aunt Polly," as we called her, was a very intelligent woman, who possessed fine conversational powers, and, like her husband, was much beloved. Their only daughter, Mary, who married my uncle, Abiezer Deane, and resided in Taunton until her death, August 10, 1820, was very like her mother in her amiable and beautiful character and life.

Uncle Joseph's brother Clifford was also a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and was killed in the prime of life at the

taking of New York by the British in 1776. He had also a brother David, a farmer, who resided in Taunton, a third of a mile distant, a very worthy, quiet man. He also had five sisters; one married a Williams, one a Carver, another a Jones, and another Major John Gilmore, one of the most prominent men in Raynham, for whom your father was named; and still another single sister, Charity.

Your grandparents were a most worthy old couple, and now, though approaching my four-score milestone, my boyhood memories of them and theirs are fresh and vivid as ever. My grandfather's homestead, where I resided after the death of my father, from the age of four to fifteen, joined the former, and, as I muse upon the early impressions of those days, the familiar scenes come thronging into my mind as cheering reminiscences; and while there is a sadness that those who mingled in them have all passed away, we may cheerish the hope of meeting them again.

The following, also, relating to my grandparents, I copy from full and most valuable family data left by my uncle Joseph A. Deane, of Ellsworth, Maine, and kindly sent me by his daughter, Mrs. Sabra W. D. Otis.

My parents resided in North Raynham, about three rods from the Taunton line. My father owned three farms, which are now crossed by the old Colony Railroad; it crosses his homestead about 100 rods east of where his house, which was built in 1840, formerly stood. My father was an honest and upright farmer. I do not believe that he ever defrauded man, woman or child, of the value of a farthing in his long life. It was a saying in the neighborhood, "as honest as Uncle Jo." He was not rich, but what farmers call "well off;" he had plenty of land, plenty of cattle, and all that he desired, and several thousand of dollars at interest; he allowed all the poor men in the country round to get in debt to him, some of them to the extent of fifties, and some of them as much as

hundreds, without pay. He never drummed hard, and never forced anyone to pay. He never held or sought office; but, on the other hand, refused to accept office when solicited. He was repeatedly chosen a selectman of the town, and once representative to the legislature, but could not be persuaded by his many friends to accept either office.

He entered the revolutionary army immediately after the fight at Concord and Lexington, first under Capt. Noah Hall, of Raynham, afterwards of Gouldsborough, Maine. His first service was two months at Dorchester Heights, afterwards, as a regular, several years in the Continental army. When a pension was granted by Congress to the poor soldiers my father did not apply for one. After 1832, when poverty was not requisite to entitle a soldier to a pension, his name was placed upon the pension rolls, and so continued until his death. He was killed by a fall on the ice February 16th, 1837. He had been in feeble health during the winter, and in fact several years. On that day, in the afternoon, he fell, was carried to the house and placed upon his bed. He soon fell asleep, and died without a struggle or any distress, and in his eighty-third year.

My mother, Mary Gilmore, was an active and energetic woman, her life was prolonged for many years by her energy and activity; she was as honest and just as my father; she was generous, yet without her my father would have been possessed of less property than he acquired. They commenced housekeeping at the close of the Revolution, when everybody had learned to economize. Nothing was wasted in her house, but all were fed, and well fed. The table was ever free to all. They always agreed perfectly; I never heard an angry word pass between them; they were ever of one mind and in accord in all things. My mother was not robust, the dread disease, consumption, was long lingering in her system, even before my birth. Almost every year she had such attacks that our neighbors would despair of her recovery, but soon as she gained strength she was up, and her energy made her appear as if well, and so she lived along until my father was gone,

and about eleven weeks after his death, on the very eve of her decease, she drove her carriage alone seven miles after sunset, and died in less than three hours after she entered the house. Had she yielded to her disease and given up, as many do, she would have been in her grave many years earlier. She was strictly and conscientiously honest and just, resolute and persevering, and a very strong-minded woman.

Neither of my parents ever made a profession of religion or joined the church, but they both were constant in their attendance at meetings, and I feel that I had rather take their chance for happiness hereafter than that of thousands upon thousands of professed Christians.

The following obituary notice of my grandfather appeared, I think, in a Taunton paper :

“ DIED.

“ In Raynham, on the 16th inst., Mr. Joseph Deane, in the 83d year of his age. Few men have lived so long a life so well. He was an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile. Though from anxious solicitude to do right he postponed, till late in life, a public profession of his faith in Christ ; yet from the early dawn of his reason he lived the life of a Christian. So pacific, correct and uniform were his spirit and manners that no one could or did say aught against him. The nearest inmate of his house could say that even *there* he was never seen to be fretful or angry. Fair in all his contracts, and punctual in his promises, he ever sustained the honor of an honest man. He cheerfully gave a portion of his income for the support of the ministry ; and the house of God, when his health permitted, was his natural home on the Sabbath. Long was he tried with a most painful disorder, but pain it seemed, could not disturb the serenity of his mind. As he lived so he died, in perfect resignation and calmness. ‘ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.’ ”

The following about my father appears in my Uncle's notes :

JOHN G. DEANE, ESQ., was an eminent lawyer at Ellsworth, Maine, for many years. He subsequently entered into land speculations and became very rich, on paper ; he was a prominent agitator of the North Eastern Boundary question, and wrote many articles on the subject. He died suddenly at Cherryfield, November 10, A. D. 1839, in the 55th year of his age ; his death was caused by an over dose of tartar-emetic, taken by mistake for cream of tartar with which it was mixed. He resided in Portland, on State street, several years before his death. His remains were carried to Portland, and deposited in the South Cemetery, where the remains of his daughter Mary were deposited the year previous.

He possessed a strong mind, a great memory and sound judgment. His effects, after his decease, were appraised at \$200,000, besides a large quantity of worthless paper ; but the appraisal was far above the amount realized by his heirs. At the time of his decease he had corrected and was about to publish a new map of Maine ; the map was published after his decease. He was Chairman of the Selectmen of Ellsworth for nearly twenty years ; he was Commandant of the Cobb Light Infantry in the war of 1812, afterwards commanded the Regiment. He also held many other offices of trust ; he was very modest and unassuming ; had he asked for them, he might have had any offices in the gift of the people.

GRANDFATHER PADELFORD.

The following beautiful sketch of my grandfather, Seth Padelord, of Taunton, Mass., was written by my friend J. W. D. Hall, of Taunton, Mass., in the spring of 1885, in his 78th year.

" HON. SETH PADELFORD, was born in Taunton, in Decem-

ber, 1750, fifth in descent from Jonathan, the emigrant of 1628-30, and son of John and Jemima Padelford. He was graduated at Yale College in 1770. After completing his studies he entered the profession of law and became a prominent counsellor. He married Rebecca, (daughter of Abraham Dennis,) born 1756, died 1822, and they had eleven children, the ninth being Rebecca Dennis, who married Col. John Gilmore Deane. In 1798, the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by Brown University. Judge Padelford was an able and sound legal counsellor, and many years stood the acknowledged head of the Bristol bar. He was county Treasurer in 1783, and for twenty years, from 1790, to January 7th, 1810, the day of his death, was Judge of Probate of the county of Bristol, to the universal satisfaction of the people. He was a Free Mason, and the first Master of King David Lodge, of Taunton. He was esteemed as the conscientious lawyer, the humane and unexceptionably upright judge, to whom all cases within his jurisdiction were referred with implicit confidence in his decisions as the "*protector* of the widows and orphans," and *just to all*. He died in the vigor of manhood, beloved and honored by the whole community. He resided from 1777 to 1810, in the fine old mansion on the Northwest corner of the "green," or "ancient training field," adjoining the old Court House and county offices. This mansion was built in 1757, by Ratcliffe Hellon, a merchant, who occupied it a few years. After him it was owned by several persons, till 1770, when it came into the possession of the brilliant Daniel Leonard, author of the celebrated pamphlet "Massachusettsensis," who became a loyalist (or tory) in the days of 1776, and fled from Taunton and joined the British at Boston. After he left Judge Padelford purchased the house. It has, since his decease, been nicely kept up, and though removed in 1817 a short distance and divested of shrubbery in front, yet wears the same general aspect that it did in my boyhood days after Judge Padelford's decease."

In the same connection the following extract is made from

an article contributed by Rev. S. Hopkins Emery, of Taunton, in 1883, to the History of Bristol County, Massachusetts :

“ He was a highly dignified and polished gentleman, of great integrity of character, and he was favored with a wife who adorned the society in which she moved. Long after they ceased to be among the living of earth, their praise was in the mouth of those who remembered their wide and commanding influence.

“ Judge Padelford died January 7, 1810, aged 58 years and one month. On the stone slab which covers his remains on the ‘ Plain,’ is the following inscription :

“ ‘ For he was wise to know and warm to praise and strenuous to transcribe in human life the mind almighty.’ ”

UNCLE AUGUSTUS.

Mr. Hall sends me the following brief record about my uncle, J. Augustus Deane :

“ JOSEPH AUGUSTUS DEANE (sixth from John and Alice Deane, of Taunton,) was the second son of Joseph and Mary Gilmore Deane, of Raynham, Mass., born June 25, 1802. After working upon the old homestead of his father and attending public school and a season at Bristol Academy, until 18 years of age, he went to Ellsworth, Me., in 1820, and entered the office of his brother, Col. John G. Deane, as a student at law. In August, 1821, he left his studies and engaged as clerk in the store of Col. John Black, in Ellsworth, and became a partner in the business at twenty-one, remaining a few years. In 1833 he was appointed clerk of the court of Hancock County, and settled at Castine, then the shire town, remaining there until superseded in 1838. He was reappointed in 1839, with the office at Ellsworth, and again superseded in 1841. During a portion of the intervening years, Mr. Deane was engaged in land surveying, of which few men in the State had more scientific and accurate knowledge, as he had made it a study in his

younger days, theoretically and practically, and afterwards under the skillful instructions of his brother. In consequence of his business and official occupations he had not received an admission to the bar until 1844, after which he continued in practice at Ellsworth many years, except at intervals when holding the deputy collectorship at Gouldsboro', under Democratic rule. In politics he was a Democrat, from conviction and on principle, and though earnest in his convictions was always an honest politician. After his clerkship ended he never again sought office. He possessed a remarkably retentive memory of political and historical data and events, was an extensive reader, fond of books, and collected a large library. His general historical information of the world was excelled by very few men. His knowledge of the topography of the State and his immediate county was remarkable in accuracy. Possessing rare conversational and persuasive powers, he was very entertaining and genial in interviews with his friends. He was kind hearted, sympathetic and liberal to a fault. In person he was about six feet two inches tall; complexion, light; robust, but not stout. In early years his hair was of a brownish tint. When I saw him last, in 1873, his full white beard gave him quite a patriarchal appearance, but he was in the entire possession of all his mental faculties, and as interesting as ever in conversation.

"August 17, 1830, Col. J. A. Deane married Eliza, daughter of Col. Nathaniel Fales, of Taunton, Mass.; they had three children, viz., Mary A., born July 11, 1831, died October 6, 1862; Sabra W., born October 31, 1832; John Gilmore, born July 27, 1839, died June 17, 1841. Mrs. Deane died October 16, 1869. Sabra married Amory Otis, of Ellsworth. Mr. Otis died August 25th, 1872, in his 58th year. Mrs. Otis is now a resident of Ellsworth."

On page 9 I have mentioned the fact that my parents cared for their orphaned neices and nephews:

Among these were Ann P. Cook, daughter of my aunt Nancy (daughter of Judge Padelford) and Samuel E. Cook.

She was long an inmate of our family in Ellsworth, and came with us to Portland. About 1836 she married J. Tilden Moulton, son of Dr. Moulton, of Bucksport, and graduate of Bowdoin College, in the class of 1830. They first resided at Columbia, but in a short time moved to Cherryfield. (On page 14 it is said that my father died at their residence. Since that form was struck off I learn that this sad event took place at Miss Nash's boarding house, where Mr. and Mrs. Moulton were in constant attendance upon my father.) My uncle Augustus, in his memoranda, from which I have elsewhere quoted, says: "Her native talents were very superior, and had they been properly cultivated she would have been a very brilliant woman." I remember well a local reputation she had as a poetess. They had one son and several daughters. She died about 1845.

Another daughter, Rebecca P., was, for many years after her parents' death, with my grandparents Deane, and after their decease was as much a member of our family, and regarded by us all as our own sister. About 1858 she married Alvah Conant, Esq., of Portland, with whom she lived very happily till her death, about 1864.

The following is copied from the "Daily Press" of Portland, April 9, 1873:

"HENRY P. DEANE.—ACTION OF THE CUMBERLAND BAR.

"At the close of the calling of the docket of the Supreme Court yesterday, Hon. Nathan Webb, Vice-President of the Cumberland Bar Association, presented the following resolutions in reference to the late Henry P. Deane, Esq., with appropriate remarks:

"The Committee appointed by the Cumberland Bar Association, at its last meeting, March 26th, to prepare resolutions relative to the death of the late Henry P. Deane, Esq., to pre-

sent to the Supreme Judicial Court at the approaching term, having attended to that duty, beg leave to report the following :

“ *Whereas*, it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from earthly associations our friend and brother, Henry P. Deane :

“ *Resolved*, That we deeply lament his death, and shall sorrowfully miss his pleasant face and cordial greeting.

“ *Resolved*, That our departed associate, by his energy, zeal and talent, as well as by his fidelity to the duties of a counsellor, and by his courtesy to his professional associates, deservedly gained an honorable standing at this Bar.

“ *Resolved*, That by his decease this community has lost a valuable citizen, this Bar an esteemed comrade, his friends a generous friend, who, in the various and responsible duties he has been called to discharge, has never failed to secure respect and approval.

“ *Resolved*, That we sympathize with his afflicted family, and that a copy of these resolutions authenticated by the officers of our Association be communicated to them.

“The resolutions were seconded by Byron D. Verrill, Esq., who spoke as follows :

“ *May it please your Honor* :—In accordance with a request of the committee and a vote of the Association, I beg leave to second these resolutions. They fittingly express the sentiments I am sure we all entertain.

“So frequently are we called to mourn the loss of some esteemed brother—often, as in this instance, in the very prime of his manhood—that we can but realize the shadowy uncertainty of mortal life. In such a case as this it is sad indeed to think of severing strong earthly ties ; but it is pleasant to reflect that our departed brother was worthy of all the praise we may bestow. I measure my words. I speak of Henry P. Deane as I have known him in the intimate business and social relations of the last six years. To know him intimately was to esteem him highly, and I have been impressed with a deep sense of his manly worth.

“ His standard of moral duty was high, and by that standard

he was governed—I may say rigidly governed—in his daily business transactions. Scrupulously and minutely exact in his dealings with all men, he was equally honest in all things large and small. Tenacious of his own rights, he was also considerate of the rights of others.

“Always faithful to the interests of his clients, I believe he never forgot the duties and obligations of his profession. His investigation of legal questions was habitually thorough, careful and painstaking to the last degree, so that as a prudent and safe counsellor he had few equals. His caution was very marked, but his zeal was unbounded; and into every undertaking which met the sanction of his judgment and the approval of his conscience, he threw his whole soul, sparing no labor, neglecting no effort, yielding to no obstacle that was in any way superable.

“His tastes were decidedly literary and social. In addition to the studies and labors of his profession and other affairs in which he engaged, he gave no little attention to general literature, and especially to historical and political learning.

“Enthusiasm was a marked characteristic of our lamented brother. I have never known another who enjoyed all the amenities and luxuries, and even the common-places of life with so keen a relish. Nature freely yielded to his senses her inexhaustible charms, and his geniality was overflowing. And yet, notwithstanding the fervent order of his temperament, he was conspicuously tempered in all things.

“His nature was also sensitive and sympathetic, and a discriminating, unostentatious charity was one of his great virtues. His affections were strong and deep, and his friendships whole-souled. In whom he confided, his confidence was implicit; in whom he trusted, his faith was supreme. Such also was his faith and such his trust in God—firm and unshaken. No fear of death, no doubts of the future seemed ever to disturb his mind. Nevertheless, such and so strong were his affections, so congenial the associations of life, society, literature and business, and so inexpressibly tender the endearments of a beautiful, happy home and its loved ones, that he clung

firmly to life and struggled long and manfully against the encroachments of disease ; preparing and arranging his business months ago for the worst, he still remained hopeful and cheerful to the last. Alas, how often is this sad story repeated ! One after another of our brotherhood Death taps upon the shoulder ; we vanish, and the places which have known us know us no more forever. Only the memory of the departed is left us—a sweet and hallowed memory to be sacredly cherished until we, too, shall answer the sure and final summons, and go to join the brotherhood beyond the dark river.

“ Judge Goddard spoke as follows :

“ *May it please the Court* :—I am unwilling to allow this occasion to pass without offering a brief tribute to the memory of my departed schoolmate and friend who was for more than a quarter of a century my associate at this bar.

“ Mr. Deane died in Boston on Tuesday, the 25th of last month, in the fiftieth year of his age, while on his homeward journey from Florida, whither he had gone a few weeks before in the hope of restoring his failing health.

“ He was a son of the late John G. Deane, Esq., and a native of Ellsworth, but he came with his parents to this city while yet a boy, and pursued his academical studies here, entering Bowdoin College in 1840, and graduating with high honors in 1844. In the office of Willis & Fessenden he prepared himself for the bar, and was admitted in 1847. Two years after, at the age of 26, he was chosen a representative from this city, and, having been re-elected, served at the sessions of the 30th and 31st Legislature.

“ In 1852, at the expiration of his legislative term, he was chosen Attorney for this county, performing the responsible duties of that office for three years. In 1862 he was elected City Solicitor, serving two years. In 1867 he was appointed by President Johnson Surveyor of this Port, an office which he filled for three years.

“ For several years before his death he had been a director of the P. & R. R. Co., and the legal adviser of that corporation.

“During this whole period he continued the practice of his profession in the State and Federal courts.

“Our friend’s life exemplified these marked characteristics : enthusiasm for his profession, strict, inflexible integrity, chivalrous honor and courage. Among all my acquaintances I never knew one whose love for the law seemed to equal his ; it was the dream of his boyhood and the passion of his collegiate days. Longing for the hour when he might enter the forensic arena and do battle for the right, he chose for the oration which rewarded his distinguished scholarship, ‘The Legal Profession.’ This early fondness for his chosen pursuit was an earnest of the industry and fidelity in its study which gained him the speedy and brilliant success to which reference has been made. Mr. Deane was a man of irreproachable morals and of stainless integrity. His conversation, like his life from earliest youth, bore witness to the purity of his heart. I venture to say that the man does not live who ever heard an unworthy suggestion, a demoralizing sentiment, a questionable expression fall from his lips. He was a gentleman of honor and delicacy, ambitious without envy, incapable of jealousy or suspicion. He never uttered even in private what he did not believe to be the exact truth, nor what he was not willing and anxious to say publicly. He never spoke of another in secret what he was not ready to make good to his face. His chivalrous nature gave him a strong inclination for military life, for which I suspect he would, at the breaking out of the rebellion, have abandoned even the law but for the infirmity of his vision.

“Mr. Deane was a *public man*, and as such is known to our whole community as a prudent legislator, a faithful and incorruptible prosecutor, a wise municipal counsellor, and an enterprising and public spirited man of business. He is known to *us* as a zealous but fair-minded advocate, a genial friend, an agreeable associate, a high-toned, pure-minded gentleman, and a sincere consistent Christian.

“To your Honor, as well as to myself, Henry P. Deane was endeared by the ineffaceable memories of college life, and I am sure that down the three decades which have passed come only pleasant reminiscences of our deceased classmate.

“ Judge Virgin responded substantially as follows :

“As already intimated, it is but a few months less than thirty years since forty-five young men, standing under their class-tree, gave each other the parting grasp, bade adieu to their ‘Alma Mater,’ and hopefully, and ‘with a will for any fate,’ turned their faces world-ward. To-day, with melancholy satisfaction, one of the thirty survivors of that class, as the organ of this court, most sincerely concurs in the justice of the deserving tribute which your resolutions—‘ words like apples of gold in pictures of silver’—and the feeling and appropriate accompanying remarks, pay to another of that original number, Henry P. Deane, late of this city, and member of this Bar, and to order the same to be spread upon the record of this court as a memorial of the court in which all feel a common affliction.

“When such an one dies, between whom and us such strong friendship and intimate relations necessarily subsist, the inevitableness of what we call death is brought home to us with more than usual force, for it is next to losing one from our own individual household ; and the common-place, ‘we must all die,’ suddenly transforms itself into the acute consciousness ‘I must die and soon,’ and we almost seem to stand upon the dark river brink listening for the ‘plash of the on-coming oar,’ and expecting the summons from what the superstitious of the past called the ‘King of Terrors,’ whose realm is the grave, but whose arm is palsied by the sword of the spirit, and whose crown of terrors melts away before the eye of Christian faith. For within the field of Faith’s vision—

“‘There is no Death! What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

“Still none of us has such dulled sensibilities as not to be moved by sorrow and sadness at the final departure of such a friend, however strongly our faith may assure us that it is He ‘who does all things well,’ who ‘made and loveth all,’

has called him to Himself. I knew our late deceased brother more thoroughly while he was laying deep the foundations of his manhood's usefulness than latterly. I was a daily witness of how rapidly assiduous and methodical labor, undisturbed by any bad habits, could develop his intellectual faculties, and as frequently was I an admirer of the purity and high purpose of those youthful years, for although he possessed a sanguine temperament, was active, and, at times, apparently somewhat impulsive, still his instincts being right, however far he went they took away from him the power to go in the wrong direction. And notwithstanding he was somewhat impulsive, he was never reckless nor even rash, but opened as many of 'Argus's hundred eyes,' before using any of 'Briaren's hundred hands,' as any young man of his warm blood well could. Although I have known our friend less intimately latterly, until quite recently, still I have seen him frequently enough in the social walks of life, and while he was in the discharge of public and professional duties, to learn what your resolutions and remarks so abundantly confirm me in believing, that those lessons of wisdom so early practiced and acted upon while preparing for the more stern and rugged duties of life had become his 'heart's lore,' and the foundation stones of that character which the winds and floods of the world, beat they ever so violently, could in no degree wash away.

" 'His conscience never flirted with beautiful ideals of goodness,' for his moral character was not based upon arguments and opinions even, but upon convictions; and no one who ever heard him speak concerning them ever doubted on which side of the questions of real reform his influence was enlisted, for his acts and his lips, though speaking a different dialect, expressed the same sentiments, and his moral digestion was never impaired by his eating his own words.

" To the outside world it may sometimes seem that members of our profession, when paying their respects to the memory of their deceased brethren, do more than act upon the charitable maxim '*nil de mortuis nisi bonum*,' and eulogize them too highly. But human nature generally is better than it

seems, and in relation to the really good man 'tis nearness and not distance lends enchantment. In the felicitous language of another, 'a sense of brotherhood may grow up between members of our profession stronger and more enduring than between members of any other profession. We get to know each other by heart. In the steady contemplation and ripening knowledge of the law, of its principles and relations, there is a mystic power which takes common possession of the inner life of the initiated, which blends, assimilates and harmonizes minds otherwise alien and irreconcilable. Hence it is that those who might seem to have but little in common with this our departed brother, were in sympathy, confidence and regard very near to him, as he was very near to us. We witnessed his professional growth with pride, shared his achievements, and by relation appropriated his honors.

"This, then, is the true record which our brother has left behind him. If he performed no brilliant achievement which the obstreperous world looking through the enchanting medium of distance has chronicled as great, neither has he done anything to tarnish the record of a good life, or sully his memory; but he performed all his duties as a public and private citizen with fidelity. I have heard with great satisfaction the expression of high appreciation which this Bar continues to entertain of the inflexible integrity of its members; and I am glad to know, as well from your words, that during these latter days of embezzlements, defalcations and other numerous evidences of corruption, this Bar has not lowered its standard of honest worth, but holds it in as high estimate now as when its great representative shed the lustre of his high character in the counsels and departments of the nation. And if I might presume to add a closing injunction to so old and honored an association, I would say, especially to the younger members, stand fast to your integrity, for it would seem as if the Bar, as a whole, is among the last anchors that now holds the institutions of the country to their old moorings.

"The Judge then ordered the proceedings to be entered on the records, and adjourned the Court until this morning."

EXTRACTS FROM MY FATHER'S LETTERS TO MISS REBECCA D.
PADELFORD (AFTERWARDS HIS WIFE).

The postage on the single letters was twenty cents.

He sailed from Boston Thursday, September 21, 1809, for Ellsworth, and reached the mouth of Union River the Saturday following. He writes Monday, September 25, 1809, from Ellsworth :

"When we arrived at the head of the bay the tide did not suit for passing the bar, therefore I requested the Captain to set me ashore. I was landed in the town of Surry, two miles from Ellsworth. After traveling nearly a mile on an unconscionable road, I was surprised at finding one nearly as good as roads in general in and about Taunton. The people bear no sort of resemblance to the natural appearance of the country. They have treated me, so far, with great attention. I took coffee last evening with Mr. Herbert, and found him an intelligent, learned and social man; and was much pleased with Mrs. Herbert, she is a very chatty lady. * * * I attended meeting yesterday, and was very agreeably entertained by their minister, Mr. Brewer, who was sent to this place by a missionary society; from his sermons I should judge him to be a man of more than ordinary promise. I have found a room for an office, and a place to lay my head. The boarding house is the best in this part of the country; it is kept by Mr. Sawyer. Mr. Brewer boards here, and a doctor and schoolmaster. I calculate on having a very social time. Mr. Black was here to-day. To-morrow I shall visit the Penobscot country, and shall undoubtedly call on Mr. Brown. It is necessary for me to go to Castine to procure some blanks before I can commence business in this place. * * * The Western mail arrives here on Tuesday evening, and goes out on Monday evening or Tuesday morning. If you put your let-

ters in Taunton post office on Monday, I shall receive them the Sunday following."

"Ellsworth, Oct. 3, 1809.—* * * I concluded to take a tour to see of what material the country was made, as well as to see if I could not find a more eligible situation. The first six miles were tolerable; the next seven lay through a wilderness, and I saw not a human being in that distance. Then I came to Bluehill, a large and pleasant town for this country. The road was good through that town. The next two miles were bad, beyond all description; then the road grew more and more pleasant, until I arrived at Buckstown, a very pleasant village." From thence he proceeded to Hampden, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Brown (Melinda Padelford).

"The second day after my arrival, by the aid of Mr. B., I became acquainted with General Ulmer. The General recommended Lincolnville to me, and made some very fair offers if I should see cause to settle there. His offer was to take me into his family to board, and would give me business enough to pay my board. But previous to any positive determination on my part, the General very politely invited me to visit him at his house in Lincolnville. I consented. Lincolnville is on the west side of Penobscot bay, thirty-five miles below Hampden. Friday last I started from Hampden for Castine; three miles from Castine I found Major Langdon, of Ellsworth, and sent my horse home; traveled on foot to Castine; found Gen. U. there; spent the evening with him and several gentlemen. Early Saturday morning went in quest of a boat to set me across the bay, but found none that would sail till evening. Some time in the forenoon I went into Judge Nelson's office, procured all necessary blanks, and dined with his honor, and passed four or five hours very sociably; at sunset the boat set sail across the bay, which is about fourteen or fifteen miles wide. Was landed at Northport at little past nine o'clock; it was very rainy, and exceedingly dark; the roads were rough and muddy, but, notwithstanding all these difficulties, I traveled two or three miles till my guide found me a place to lodge. In the morning I set out for Gen. Ulmer's,

who lived five miles distant. I spent Sunday with the General, conversed with the people relative to my settling there, but the prospect was not flattering. * * * Monday morning the General furnished me a horse, to travel to Belfast, but the packet in which I took passage was under way, and I was obliged to leave the horse one and a half miles from Belfast, near to the shore, and hail the packet. I was fortunate in obtaining my passage. My next object was to gain the post road from Ellsworth to Buckstown before the post should pass, but, alas, the attempt was fruitless; I was on foot and had fifteen miles to travel over such road as your eye never beheld. * * * About 4 o'clock, P. M., to-day, I arrived in Ellsworth. The distance from Castine is about thirty miles; the most of it I traveled on foot. * * * To set out well with the people is an object of the first magnitude. Herbert is extremely popular; he is established, and I cannot succeed if my efforts are not unremitting." * * *

"Oct. 6, 1809.—I have progressed very slowly in preparing my office. I have set up my books, procured one chair, one bench and a table; now am quite ready to begin. My prospects are not flattering. The society of the place is very good, considering all circumstances. I have met none so good in this country, and I believe in but few places in the vicinity of Taunton."

"Oct. 16, 1809.—To-day I came near failing to send you a letter. The reason was this: a new carrier brought the mail, who traveled with more expedition than the old one, and I, unapprised of the alteration, had made my calculation of depositing my letter at the usual hour. But, when I found I was too late, I set out and ran half a mile and put the letter into the post's hands; he promised to place it in the mail at Bluehill. * * * I hope to visit Taunton before January. I must go by water; traveling by land is terrible, I have tried it to my satisfaction."

"Nov., 1809.—Gen. Ulmer has called on me and again urged me to settle in Lincolnville. As an inducement, he has offered to board me, and do something more for me in the business

he will put into my hands. From the first the General has treated me with the greatest politeness, and I feel much indebted to him."

"Nov. 2, 1809, Thursday.—I never witnessed a more pleasant autumn, so far as relates to the weather, since I have been here; we have had but two or three small rains, and those in the night; to-day it is raining—you can hardly conceive how muddy the roads are; the soil is clayey, and in wet weather a person's feet stick fast."

"Sunday evening, 5th Nov.—I have not seen your letter as I anticipated; I suppose it has arrived, but the post office is on one side of the river and I am on the other. The bridge has been broken down, but people can pass over its ruins on foot in daylight. The post does not arrive till 7 or 8 o'clock at night, and it would have been very dangerous to attempt crossing the bridge at night."

"Dec. 12, 1809.—By last mail no letter from you. I console myself that it was not your fault, but more from the following cause: The last mail was soaked through, the contents very wet and much worn; no mail went East of this place; the carrier said he would not have left Bluehill had he known how bad the traveling was. * * * I spent the whole of yesterday afternoon in pursuit of the apples, and obtained a barrel, on which we all feasted last evening. The vessel brought seventy barrels, and we are to have six. As a reward for my diligence and success my landlady is busy making pies, on which we shall feast this evening. We have had some apples before, occasionally, but they were such as would not be eaten at the Westward. These are really large and excellent. The condition of the poor of this place will not be so wretched this winter, as I apprehended some time ago. Provisions have arrived, and if they will work they can obtain a supply."

"Dec. 17.—Yesterday I was again employed in a voyage down the river, to aid Mr. Sawyer in boating up winter stores."

"Dec. 18.—I received, not one, but three letters in the last mail. There was company at our house, so I read only one

before going to bed; when the house was still I built a fire and read the others."

"June 27, 1810.—I had an invitation to ride to-day, but declined. The party consisted of six, all mounted on horseback; they made a very good appearance, but could you see the road you would doubt if they could have a pleasant ride. I have done scarcely anything for past few days, beyond attending to a little military business and some Fourth of July matters."

"June 30.—Strawberries are very thick, and just ripe; strawberries and gooseberries are almost the only fruit this country produces, and they are very nice. Our company have agreed on their uniform, which is a red coat trimmed up with black, white waistcoat and pantaloons trimmed with red cord, black gaiters, and caps like the Raynham company, or hats in form of officers' hats, with feathers."

"Sunday.—We trained last night till dark, and I was tired enough to go home and go to bed. I have not one spark of military enthusiasm—not enough to make this business the slightest amusement."

"Thursday, July 5, 1810.—Last Monday night I went to Frenchman's Bay, and was all night on the water in an open boat; returned Thursday, had a fair wind; sailed the boat by the assistance of slabs. We appeared more like Indians than civilized beings. The voyage, on the whole, was not unpleasant, though I was goaded by flies and mosquitoes and exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. You may wish to know what induced me to take this voyage of seventeen or eighteen miles; it was only to procure a field piece for the Fourth of July. Yesterday we had as pleasant a time as could be expected in this place; indeed, it far exceeded my expectations; nearly sixty dined at one table. Our amusements were training, discharging our muskets, bowling, drinking, &c., &c., and conversation. There was a ball in the evening; I went to it, but only stayed a short time. To-day four of us went into the field and picked nearly a peck of strawberries; in places the surface of the ground was almost red with them."

I have above quoted as much as seems to be well from these, to me, most interesting and vivid letters. In places in them my father describes his first boarding house. It was kept by Mr. Sawyer, "a clever and industrious man; he likes good living and good cheer; he came from Reading, Mass." But it is evident that, so far as the management of household affairs, Mrs. Sawyer was the chief personage. She is described as an "intelligent and, considering her opportunities, a superior woman." There were also at the same house "Mrs. Capt. Peters; her husband resided in Boston." Mrs. Peters "has a fine little boy, named Alexander Hamilton Peters, with whom I frequently amuse myself. A missionary preacher, John Brewer by name, boards here; he is an intelligent, social and well informed young man. He has been a great traveler, and frequently amuses us by narrations of his adventures. He has traveled by land and by water, horseback and on foot; he has been everywhere, and seen everything; as a preacher, he holds high rank, and is very popular with the people of this place. He will continue here but three weeks more; I am sure I shall miss him, and regret his absence. The physician of the place boards here; he is a clever young man; but the place is very healthy, therefore the people can dispense with a physician of the first rank. The schoolmaster is likewise a boarder."

Mention is also made of occasional calls on Squire Herbert, who was at one time very sick; also of visits to Col. Jordan's; also of Mr. Jones and his family, the female members of which are spoken of as very well educated; also of his acquaintance with Capt. Black. I suppose this to be John Black, and that his title of Captain was derived from his position in the Cobb Light Infantry, the military company, probably, referred to in the foregoing extracts, and, I think, named after Gen. Cobb, who had large landed possessions in the vicinity of Ellsworth. He came from Massachusetts, and Capt. Black married his daughter.

LETTER FROM MRS. MILLIKEN.

I wrote Mrs. C. J. Milliken, of Boston, Mass., for the temporary loan of a manuscript history of Ellsworth, written by her kinswoman, Miss Martha Jellison. Mrs. Milliken very kindly sent me the following copy of the mention made therein by the author :

" In 1811 John G. Deane, from Raynham, Mass., established himself in Ellsworth as attorney at law. He married Rebecca, daughter of Judge Padelford, of Taunton, Mass. Mr. Deane followed the legal profession until he was the father of a large family. He then made some profitable investments which enabled him to move to Portland.

" Mr. Deane was respected by all classes of society as a man who conscientiously discharged the business entrusted to him. He was a kind husband, an affectionate father, and a good neighbor."

And then Mrs. Milliken adds the following notes by herself, which contain so many interesting and valuable facts that I take the liberty to print them here :

" BOSTON, *May* 31, 1885.

" MY DEAR MR. DEANE :

* * * * *

" Ellsworth must have been a very crude little town in 1811, although it was settled as early as 1773. Its only means of communication with the world was by water, the voyage to Boston often taking several weeks. There was a road to Castine at an early date after the settlement, but the road to Bangor was not built until 1815, that to Bucksport in 1812, and there was no better way through the Eastern wilderness than a hunter's and lumberer's path until much later. For years there was one mail West each week, carried on horseback through Surrey and Bluehill to Bucksport, the postboy fording the creeks.

" The wealth was for years exclusively in lumber, the inhab-

itants finding it more profitable to send their lumber West in exchange for supplies.

“My great grandfather, who was the original settler and owner of a large part of the town, and who, being a loyalist, went off with the English troops from Castine, built the first mills and vessels, and brought with him a superior class of men from Scarboro' and Spurwink. Early in 1800 (I think) Col. Black came with a Mr. Williams as agent for the great Bingham purchase, which comprised many townships. About the same time the Jarvis family came to improve their tract of lumber, called the 'Jarvis Gore,' and settled in Surry, where they built a fine house. You may remember that Leonard Jarvis represented the district in Congress.

“The Otises came from Boston as agents for the property that afterward bore their name. I think they were not owners. Gen. Cobb's grant of land for military service was in Sullivan, and when he came to live on it the Sargents, of Boston, came as neighbors. Mary Cobb became Mrs. Black, and Katharine Sargent Mrs. Jones, or Madame Jones, as I knew her.

“These families, though they lived at some distance, constituted a more cultivated society than many of the pioneer towns could boast, and the more cultured of the earlier settlers gathered about them. As late as I can remember there was a superior tone to the society.

“The only religious worship before 1812 was irregular, there being no church organization and no clergyman of repute. In 1811 Mr. Nourse, of Bolton, Mass., was settled as pastor and schoolmaster, the two offices having always been united. In 1812 the first church was organized, and the system of education, which made a complete revolution in the whole district. No more enthusiastic or self-denying teacher ever lived than Parson Nourse, and the town owed more to him than to any other of its citizens.

“As lumbering was the principal business, all other was subsidiary to it. There had been several 'traders' before Edward D. Peters and Major Pond, who afterward moved to Boston. I think that Andrew Peters came from Bluehill about the time

that your father came, and Jesse Dutton (father of the Deacon), who succeeded him in business. They had the usual variety stores that we all associate with country places. The Blacks only supplied the families of their own lumbermen and the men who took up farms on the Bingham lands.

"I think there was but one lawyer in town before your father—George Herbert. Judge Hathaway followed soon after. For a long time the only physician was Dr. Peck, whose lumbering figure and generous powders you may remember. The old revolutionary pensioner in breeches and cue, of whom you speak in your article, I remember; I think he had no friends in town, and I cannot remember his name.

"There were more than the usual number of 'characters' in Ellsworth, and it has always seemed a pity that some one at that early time should not have 'made a note' of them. Your mother, with her wonderful facility of language, could have done it admirably.

"I remember the great respect in which your father was held, both in Ellsworth and Cherryfield. He was a great loss to the town, which needed just such wise and liberal men to offset the smaller race of traders that were coming up. I copy on the opposite page the short notice of him found in the manuscript, and am sorry that I can do you no better service.

"Very sincerely,

"C. J. MILLIKEN."

On page 4 of his monograph "Northeastern Boundary," Gov. Washburn says:

"Nor should I pass from this grateful duty without some reference to two gentlemen, upon whose patriotic and ardent interest in, and thorough and perfect knowledge of, the questions involved, in all their aspects and relations, these functionaries (Governors Lincoln, Kent and Fairfield,) always and safely relied. I refer to Col. John Deane, of Ellsworth, who,

in his later years, was a resident of Portland, and to the Hon. Charles S. Davies, also of this city."

On page 32 as follows, about my father's report to the Legislature of 1827:

"So much of this message (Gov. Lincoln's) as related to the boundary was referred to a joint select committee, which made a brief report through the Hon. John G. Deane, a gentleman who, with the possible exceptions of Gov. Lincoln and Mr. Davies, understood this question better than any man living."

On page 45, respecting my father's report to the Legislature of 1828, he remarks:

"Hon. John G. Deane, on behalf of a joint select committee, made a report so full, so accurate, so absolutely conclusive of every question, as to leave nothing more to be said for the vindication of our claims and of our interpretation of the treaty of 1783."

On page 48, touching the report of 1831:

"A joint select committee made a vigorous report, in which were no sounds of uncertainty or fear, through Col. Deane."

On page 72, respecting the report made to the Governor of the doings of the commission appointed to run the boundary line of the State:

"In communicating this report to the Legislature of 1839, Gov. Kent gives the substantial facts that appear in it. He says:

"'Their report, which I have the pleasure to transmit to you, will be read with interest and satisfaction.' " * * *

Copy of letter from Gov. Lincoln.

"PORTLAND, *May 22d*, 1827.

"DEAR SIR:

"As it was not consistent with rules to take the map mentioned in your letter from the Secretary's office, I could not comply with your request earlier. I have now a copy of my

own, which I send for your use. It gives me much pleasure to observe that your historical sketches as to our N. E. Boundary have attracted very generous attention. I think you cannot be too minutely particular, and I am rejoiced that the subject has fallen into your hands.

"I am, very cordially,

"Yours,

"ENOCH LINCOLN.

"JOHN G. DEANE, ESQ."

In regard to Col. John Black, the following information was communicated to me by a valued and entirely credible correspondent :

John Black came from England in the employ of Charles Richardson, the English agent of the Bingham purchase. He became an inmate of Gen. David Cobb's family at Gouldsboro, Maine. Gen. Cobb, originally a physician, acquired his military title after honorable service in the war of the Revolution, and is commonly reported to have been a member of Gen. Washington's staff. He moved to Gouldsboro, from Taunton, Mass., and after Mr. Richardson's return to England became the American agent of the said Bingham purchase. Col. Black married Polly Cobb, Gen. Cobb's youngest daughter. In progress of time he succeeded to the agency of said purchase, and removed to Ellsworth.

The following pleasant letters contain many interesting items of information :

PORTLAND, ME., 20 *January*, 1885.

DEAR SIR :

I have received your valued favor. I have received also the copy of your memoir with map of Maine, to which you

refer, from Mr. Williamson, and will retain this for the archives.

In regard to corrections and additions to be made in your pamphlet, I would say by all means make it as complete and perfect as possible.

You can say on the title page: "Presented and read at a meeting of the Maine Historical Society, held in Portland, 8 January, 1885."

Yours, respectfully,

H. W. BRYANT,

Librarian and Secretary, M. H. S.

L. DEANE, ESQ.,

Washington, D. C.

BELFAST, ME., *January 19, 1885.*

MY DEAR DEANE:

The Historical Society will be very glad to have your paper printed in pamphlet form, with such additions as you choose to make. The reprint of so valuable a contribution as was yours adds to our character.

We shall be honored in electing you a corresponding member at our next annual meeting.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.

PORTLAND, MAINE, *January 9, 1885.*

MY DEAR DEANE:

I cannot resist the temptation to express my delight at that admirable tribute of filial piety before the Maine Historical Society yesterday.

I was not fourteen when your distinguished father died, but I distinctly remember him and the reading of his obituary by my father in the family, and several passages were recalled after a lapse of forty-five years.

Not long before your father's death, I think as late as the summer of 1838, and perhaps 1839, I remember standing at our end door holding the string of my kite, which, on the south-westerly trade wind of the afternoon soared high over the U. S. Hotel, or Cumberland House, as it was called then.

Your father came along down Centre street, and in his kindly way, of which you speak, stopped, looked at my kite, tried the string in regular boy fashion, and talked with me some time about kites, to my great satisfaction and pride. I doubt if I have thought of the incident for forty years, but your sketch recalled it with the vividness of last season.

Your old friend,

C. W. GODDARD.

PORTLAND, MAINE, *January 12, 1885.*

MY DEAR DEANE:

I listened with a great deal of interest to your paper in memory of your father, read at the late meeting of the Maine Historical Society, and I congratulate you upon the successful grouping together therein of your recollections of the Ellsworth of your boyhood and of your father's services to the State.

Mr. Daveis' article was well worth republishing, as a specimen of choice English and an appreciative eulogy upon your father, who certainly deserved well of the State, if any man ever did.

Yours, truly,

GEO. E. B. JACKSON.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

Washington, D. C., January 14, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. DEANE:

I have just read with much interest your sketch of your father's life and public service.

I have Gov. Washburn's history of the N. E. Boundary dispute, into which I shall interleave the pages upon which is written this memorial.

I well remember Black's forest, and the long night rides through it in the stage, with the startling information of loaded rifles under the driver's feet for defence against the wolves; the Peters family and the noted name of Jellison; also the large white State street house where you used to live in Portland. How well I remember Henry and "Fred," so young to leave these country scenes. I never had the lovely array of brothers and sisters to love and lose. I thank you very much for allowing me to share in your memories and associations.

Very truly, yours,

W. W. RICE.

ELLSWORTH, MAINE, *Jan.* 13, 1885.

MR. LLEWELLYN DEANE.

Dear Sir:—The sketch of the life of your father, Mr. John G. Deane, which was published in the last issue of the *Ellsworth American*, is to me of much interest. There is, in my mind, a chord which always vibrates at the mention of the early days of Ellsworth, and I feel as though your family were a part of the town. Although I am a stranger to you, I hold some advantage, for the "Deane family" are as "household words" to me in familiarity. I was but an infant of a few weeks, or months at most, when you moved from here, but you must have known my father, Mr. Joshua R. Jordan, who came here from Bangor a young man and engaged in the business of shoe making; and my mother, who was the oldest daughter of Dea. Elishua Austin, whose home was on the Surry road, next below that of Col. John Black's. They were married in 1832, and in 1835, the year of my birth and your removal from town, he entered into mercantile pursuits, in which he continued for many years, retiring some years before his death,

which occurred six years ago. I have heard him say, with much pride, that he made Miss Jesse Dutton's white satin wedding slippers.

The "old Deane house" is now in our possession, my husband and his partner in trade having bought it of Geo. N. Black some fifteen years since. The house they moved to the back end of the garden; and I have always been told that in your mother's time it was always a very beautiful garden. Roses seemed to predominate. On the spot where the house stood they built a large brick store. The one large chimney of the house was taken down and two smaller ones substituted, thus changing the interior considerably; but you can still see the corner posts in the rooms, and the many different sized windows throughout the house. The exterior remains unchanged. We occupied the house ourselves for five years.

Parson Nourse I have no clear recollection of, but I have faint visions of his teaching school in the hall of "Defiance Square," of Lowell memory, while we occupied the dwelling part of the western wing. The house occupied by him is still standing, though in a dilapidated condition. I had the honor of being presented with his study chair by Mrs. Chas. Lowell, when she left here for Castine, a short time before her death. Dr. Tenney, Parson Nourse's successor, who came here in the autumn of 1835, still lives among us.

Dr. Parcher, whose name you remember, has just passed away with the old year, leaving many behind him who do truly sorrow for him. Few, indeed, are the names that remain who were the active spirits of the time when you were an inhabitant of Ellsworth. And as the people have changed so has the town. Our residence is in what was then known as "Jones' pasture," direct east from the Peters house on State street, or Bangor road, as it was then called, and north of the Beal place on High street, or Mt. Desert road. I mention these places, thinking they may be within your recollection. Senator Hale's is next east of ours, and farther up in the pasture. As we have had a railroad but a year, it is hardly safe, I think, to boast of that.

Perhaps I have already infringed on your time and patience ; and if I have made a mistake in thinking you might be glad to hear from your old home, even through a stranger, then please pardon

MRS. AUGUSTUS W. CLARK.

225 PENN ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., *Jan.* 19, 1885.

DEAR COUSIN LEWELL :

I received an *Advertiser* last week, in which were your recollections of your father and your Ellsworth home. In these I was very much interested, for they brought to mind many people I had quite forgotten.

But I must thank you first for your kind mention of father. He was, indeed, one of Nature's noblemen, and as the years roll on I realize more and more how good and true he was.

That "intangible vision of an old gentleman" you speak of must have been Major Phillips. It is his long white stockings that I remember most distinctly. The white shirt front and long walking stick I associate with Maj. Langdon. Major Pond died years after we moved to North Ellsworth.

But never shall I forget good Parson Nourse, for I went to his school. I must have been a wee-bit of a thing, for he would often take me in his arms while hearing a class recite, and many a nap have I had there. Sometimes he would let me take his watch, to keep me awake, most likely. I have the impression that he was not very "sound in doctrine," but preached the love of God rather than the terrors of the law. He was the friend and, I think, the classmate of Channing. Dr. Channing gave the pulpit Bible for the first meeting house, so one of my aunts has told me. My father's five sisters were all his pupils, and all of them went as school ma'ms in that region. I laugh, even now, when I think of some of Aunt Tinker's "experiences," as she used to call them, in "school ma'ming;" but she would make the most common-place things seem utterly ridiculous.

Affectionately,

C. L. T.
(MRS. TRUBSHAW.)

ELLSWORTH, MAINE, *May* 30, 1885.

MY COUSIN :

I yesterday received a note from you. My parents were married August 17th, 1830; my sister, Mary Agnes Deane, was born July 11th, 1831; she died October 6th, 1862. I was born October 22d, 1832; my brother was born July 2d, 1839, and died July 15th, 1841. He was your father's namesake, John Gilmore Deane. My mother, Eliza Faes, was born October 23d, 1808, died October 7, 1869. My father died at 2.30 on the morning of May 5th, 1873. There were never but we three children. I think I have answered all you have asked.

My sister was named Mary for our grandmother Deane, Agnes for the wife of James (?) Gilmore, our first ancestress who came to America, of the Gilmore branch.

My father left Massachusetts when hardly seventeen, and, with the exception of less than two years at the period of the births of my sister and myself, was never there again but for brief visits. I cannot remember his having been to Taunton but once. He was last there in the winter, about 1871. Was Mr. Hall sure in calling it 1873? Had he lived he would have gone for a final visit to the graves of his kindred, and for that purpose I was to accompany him. Will you excuse me if I say I wonder how Mr. Hall can know much of my father beyond his boyhood?

My father took great pleasure in writing a genealogy of his family; he thought it would give pleasure; he wrote it for me, but since I have been left all alone, I have not the courage to follow with eyes my father's silent pen. Still if you, the only other living representative of our generation, have the desire, I think you have the right to see what my father has written. I never have read the one he was writing when he died. All my father's papers are in the hands of the administrator, for the administration is still open.

I am very glad that the biography of your father will be written, and shall gladly receive a copy if you are willing to give it to me. Your father's memory is no unfamiliar one to

me, for we were taught to reverence his and our grandparents' memory.

Since I knew you were living I have desired to know your address. Grandfather Deane gave my sister at his death the ante-Revolutionary tea-pot, which was Katherine Willis Deane's, and to my father he gave an old pair of "bull's eye" spectacles, supposed to have been those of Lieut. John Deane, afterward Capt. of Dragoons for Colony of Massachussetts, under King George. My father gave me an old rat-eaten commission of his. Whether the spectacles are genuine or no, the commission surely is. There is enough of it for restoration, but I have not had the means. I want to keep these things during my life, but have wished for your address to leave the things to you at my death. I prize the relics of my ancestors. I had other things which were lost at the time I had to give up my home so soon after my father's death, which so rapidly followed my husband's death.

I have other things, such as articles woven previous to my father's birth, a monstrous cherry wood chest for bed linen, &c., a flat brass candlestick. The tea-pot and commission I thought you would like, "for all other things equally balanced, it is a good thing to have had a grandfather." My father framed an old deed from "John Deane, cordwainer, to Joseph Deane, husbandman," dated 1741, signed by John Deane and Phebe Deane, witnessed by Abiel Deane, David Deane, Hannah Deane, Mercy Deane. I imagine it to be my grandfather's homestead. My father made futile attempts to trace his nephew, Albert Deane's family in Connecticut.

With respect,

SABRA W. DEANE-OTIS.

BANGOR, MAINE, 26 *Oct.*, 1885.

BRO. DEANE :

Yours came to me whilst I was down in Old Alfred, at court, and I reserved an answer till I came home. I received

the paper some time ago which contained a sketch of your father, and I enjoyed it much. He is of my earliest memory. I used to be at your house a good deal when a small boy. Yours was one of the houses boys could possess to themselves. I was attracted there because your brother Henry and I were of the same age. I have an impression we were born on the same day, October 9, 1822.

I distinctly remember that your father used to notice boys a good deal, and many a time gave me a cent, which in those days would buy all a boy needed or wanted. Your father was very fond of fishing. In those days Union river was well stocked with fish, trout and perch being in abundance. I very well remember when your father used to go and come on his Madawaska circuits. I presume you may not remember the location of his offices. There was a wooden one once near your old house, which was afterwards used as a school house. It was finished in board sheathing inside, immensely great and long clean boards, and not a knot on them. I went to school there once to one of the Chamberlain girls.

Afterwards he had a one-story, and, I think, a brick office, about where the Black store is, next to my father's, with a room on each side of an entry in the middle of it. One room was the every-day office, and the other was used on occasions. I can now see, in my mind's eye, John Dougherty sawing wood in front of the office, about the first Irishman in Ellsworth, and he lived at your father's many years. Your brother John and Charles Jordan were cronies, and so were your brother Joseph and William Jordan.

Your father was fond of a nice garden, having one in which everything grew. He was very fond of cards. I have heard my mother say that at parties in the earlier days Mr. Deane usually wanted a game of cards. He and my father were friends—were of the same politics.

Your father was quite a military man. He was a lieutenant in the Cobb Light Infantry on its march to Mt. Desert in the war of 1812, and was at a time captain of the same company, and was also afterwards a staff officer. He was a friend and

counsellor of my mother's father, Colonel Melatiah Jordan, who was collector of Frenchman's Bay from 1789 until 1818, when he died. Your father was an appraiser on his estate; Colonel Black was the administrator.

Your father was a good man, of fine talents, great, good judgment, no man more honest, and possessed of those qualities which made him distinguished as a lawyer, though he was in quite early life attracted out of the profession. And that numerous family of children, a pew full at church, a school house and the road to school made lively by them, and now most all gone! I love to think of them—to call them before my mind in review—but not too long, for alas, it becomes a picture of sadness. Your good mother, too—how well I remember her as she was more than fifty years ago.

These things have, without method or reflection flowed through my mind, as I took up my pen to thank you for the kind expressions of your letter. And I am,

Very sincerely, yours,

JOHN A. PETERS.

BANGOR, MAINE, 20 *June*, 1886.

BRO. DEANE:

I send you some letters of your father, whose memory is dear to me, and how much more so to you! He was my father's compeer and friend. My father never himself wanted official position, but he loved to support his friends for places. Your father was in the Legislature a good deal till 1832, when the Jackson forces undermined the old ruling regime of Hancock county.

In the letter of 1829 the matter alluded to was the setting off a part of town of Surry on to Ellsworth, and the act prevailed. Col. Black was interested. Before then Surry ran up to the Union River bridge.

Yours truly,

J. A. PETERS.



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